His Sympathy With Mankind In Trouble Is Not Wanted.

MIXES UP IN FAMILY ROW.

Thought He Was Succoring a Despondent Woman Who Had a Design to Drown Herself-Mrs. B. Helps to Pile on the Agony.

[Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.] Mr. and Mrs. Bowser had taken seat on the front steps after dinner when a young woman poorly dressed watched her until she disappeared around the corner and then said:

"That poor woman is in trouble, and I wish I had gone down to the gate and spoken to her. She is making for the river, and so far as we know it is with the intention of committing sui-

"I think that same woman called here the other day and was intoxicated," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"I don't believe anything of the kind No one with that hopeless, dejected look gets it from whisky. You could see by her very walk that she was tired of life and its troubles. I wouldn't have such a flinty heart as you for all the money in the world. Haven't you got a spark of sympathy for any hu-

"Plenty of sparks for those who are worthy. If I wanted that woman to wash or fron she wouldn't come for \$2 a day. There was a man here today



YOU'RE WOMAN, I SHOULD LIKE TO SPEAK

asking for an old coat, and I offered quarter to cut the grass. He turned away as if I had insulted him."

"But he wasn't hungering for human sympathy," protested Mr. Bowser. "He was a man and a tramp. The other fatherly interest in case she had made was a woman who was crushed with up her mind to leave the cruel world troubles." I shouldn't be the least sur- behind her when she stepped forward prised to see by the papers in the and brought a closed umbrella down on morning that she had leaped into the his head and then uttered shouts for river and ended all."

She Needed Kind Words.

words from you would not have saved head and his hat broken. her, and yet you saw her dragging her It was two hours later when he en her a look of pity."

"What had I to do with it any more as he did not she inquired: than you?" asked Mrs. Bowser. "You! "Well, did you prevent the crushed could have stopped her and assured from committing suicide?"

less it was to see her fall down in a you-a long talk." faint. Even then you would have begrudged her a smell of a camphor bot- say that I want a talk with you-a tle. It is a few people such as you short talk. If your heart has got over that-make this world cold and cruel, aching for the general public please man on her way to the river! Here you sat, stiff as a poker, well dressed and looking content, and as she surveyed you with pleading eyes she received only a cruel stare in return. She will have a picture of you right before her eyes as she goes to her death."

"But she hasn't gone yet. She's standing down there on the corner thinking it over. You might go down and assure her of your pity and interest and offer her a quarter not to commit suicide. If you walk around for an hour you will meet with several other cases.'

Mr. Bowser Decides to Act.

"By the ten tons of beeswax." shouted Mr. Bowser as his face got red and his hair began to curl, "but I'll do it! I'll not have this house pointed out as the residence of two barbarians. I am not a rich man, and I can't found hospitals nor give thousands to the or, but I can let my fellow men know that I have a heart and am willing to do my unite. Mrs. Bowser, when I return I want a talk with you-a long talk. If I have been living with a say age all these years I want to know it and make a change. I think you can held yourself in rendiness to take the 10 o'clock train for your mother's to-

With that he walked down the steps od out of the gate. The dejected four automobiles and a steam yacht coung woman saw him coming down each.

Still they were not satisfied. overtook ber. Her humped shouland dragging feet excited new and as soon as near enough he

woman, I should like to he few words to you."

e stopped and turned to face him.

He looked for tears in her eyes, but there were none. He looked for lines of grief in her face, but they were taking a late summer vacation. "Well, what's the row now?" sh

asked as he hesitated. "There is no row. You are in trouble, and I am one who would help you

"How am I in trouble?" "I don't know. I am going to ask you to tell me. If you feel that life is no longer worth the living and if you are contemplating suicide' "G'wan with you!" she interrupted

with a wave of her hand. "I'm having bit of shindy with my husband, who has left me and is passing himself off as a single man to a hired girl along here. I'm looking for her. She's red headed and has a mole on her chin. If get hold of her I'll give you enough passed the gate with slow steps. He of that red hair to stuff a sofy pillow with."

> "Then-then you are not crushed down?" "I'd like to see the man that could

> crush me!" "And you are not thinking of sui-

> cide?" "What d'ye take me for, old man What's all this jabber about anyway'

What is it to you if Jimmie and me have a bit of a row? I don't like your talk, and I don't like your looks." "But you passed my house back there," replied Mr. Bowser.

"And what if I did? Is there any aw to forbid me passing your house? "But you looked so dejected and fororn that I told my wife she ought to have spoken to you and let you know that you had her sympathies."

"If she had I should have thought ber a bigger fooi than you are. Now get along with ye. There are people looking at us, and I den't want them to understand that I'd pick up with the likes of you.'

"Woman, I felt sorry for you and thought"-

"And who asked you to?" "But the other day you called at my nouse, and my hard hearted wife turned you away without a kind word."

His Sympathy Rejected.

"Was that your house? I was pretty full, and I thought it was the place where the red headed girl lives. Yes, the lady told me to get a hustle on me and I'm not blaming her a bit. You'd better be trotting along now."

Mr. Bowser trotted. He wanted to tear pickets off the fences as he passed along. His sympathies had been wasted and his kindness rebuffed. He was wandering along, absorbed in thoughts of Mrs. Bowser's barbarianism, when a woman he had been following almost without knowing it turned on him of a sudden and demanded: "Look here, you old masher, who are

you following and for what?" "Madam, I am not following you, e replied

"But you have been following me for five blocks, and I won't have no more of it. I'll call the police.'

Mr. Bowser looked at her more close ly and thought he detected grief in her face and hopelessness in her eyes. He was about to offer his sympathies and assistance. For a few seconds he was "That may be the best thing she too dazed to realize the situation. Then took to his heels. Boys and men and "Well, if that isn't brutalify then I dogs pursued him, but they stood no don't know the English language! show. He had come out to sympathize Mrs. Bowser, if that poor woman does and had been called hard names. He commit suicide then you are a mur- had been ready with a fatherly interderess! Who can say that a few kind est and had been whacked over the

weary way along and never even gave tered his house. Mrs. Bowser waited for five minutes for him to speak, and

her of your sympathies. In fact, I "Mrs. Bowser," he replied after a was waiting for you to do so." moment, "as I said before leaving the "You were waiting for nothing, up house this evening, I want to talk with

"Yes, you said so, and now I want to Imagine the feelings of that poor wo lock those back windows and come to M. QUAD. bed."

In the Right Mood For Speed.



Nervous Friend-Your chauffeu seems to drive very recklessly. Host-Yes. He doesn't care what happens when he's the worse for drink.-Black and White.

Not to Be Thought Of. There was once a multimillionaire (he was very "multi" indeed) who spent Immense sums of money on his chil dren. They had everything, including

"Can you not," they implored, "spe a little time with us now and then?" "Time!" cried the multimillionaire greatly shocked. "No, no! You are dreaming. It is impossible."

This fable teaches that time is no money in any practical sense.-Puck.

## He Got Only \$3 a Week, but He Drew

THE BOY WITH A RAT.

a Crowd.

down, while street cars clanged past

and trucks and wagons crowded each

other. He was working at \$3 a week

and unknown to the world, but a

proud smile came to his face as be

realized the power placed in his hands.

Stepping back a pace, he picked up a

rap with a rat in it. He was a mere

boy, only a rat-but walt a minute.

Only a grocer's boy working at \$3

"Shake him out! Give the dogs

The boy waited. He commanded the

situation. He waited until passengers

jumped off the street cars, until the

trucks and wagons stopped, until men

ame running for half a mile around,

until seven or eight hundred excited

men, women, boys and girls were jam-

ming and pushing and asking each oth-

Just nobody's boy, and yet some one

rang in a fire alarm, some one sent in

a call for the ambulance, some one

telephoned for the police reserves.

Then when a thousand eyes were upon

him, when hundreds of men were ask-

ing who he was, when fifty cur dogs

were raving about his feet, the boy

opened the door of the trap, shook the

rat out and made his way back to the

grocery and calmly sold a woman a

bar of soap for 7 cents.-Chicago News.

Secondhand English.

Swede (to Englishman at Colorado

Springs, noting that the Englishman's

ccent was unlike that of the other in-

imbitants)-How long you bane in desc

Swede-You bane spake de language

lese country two years you viil spake

Englishman (annihilatingly) - Man

his language is manufactured! What

ou are learning to speak is second-

Uncle Tom Shows His Nephews How

He Used to Duck For Apples.

-Browning's.

Caution.

way?"

it's gastritis."

eblo Chieftain.

asked Short.

ton Post.

"What's the matter with him any-

"Sh! They're trying to keep it quiet.

"Why, that's not contagious. Why

"Sh! They're afraid the gas company

may send in a bill against him."-Pu-

Realizing Sense.

"I have always thought I knew wha

grinding poverty is," said Ardup, "but

"What happened this morning?"

"I caught my wife putting burned

bread crusts in the coffee mill."-Hous-

All's Well That Ends Well.

Answell Inst Ends Well.

I seeng, I dance, signore!

Ah, sooch a lucky man like me
You nevva see bayfore.

Eet ees so like w'en sky ees gray,

Den—queeck!—da sun bust through
An' drivin' all da cloud away—
I tal eet all to you.

My wife an' me we no can gat

I tal eet all to you.

My wife an' me we no can gat
To mak' our minds da same,
W'en leetla boy ees com', for w'at
We gona call hees name.
My Rosa, dat's my wife, she say
She gotta besta right
For call da keed her owna way,

For call da keed her owna way.

An' so, my frand, we fight.

She say she want her fadder's name.

"Glovanni," but, you see,

I want "Glacobbe" jus' da same,
Wheech ees da name for me.

Wal, den dees theeng excite us so
An' mak' so beega fuss,
Ees com' my reecha Uncla Joe
For feexin' theengs for us.

But w'en he find how hard eet seem
For feex he tal us, "Wal.

But w'en he find how hard eet seem
For feex he tal us. "Wal.
I theenk ces best you calla heem
'Glussppe' for mysal'!"
Dees mak' da case so bothersom'
My brain ees cena whiri;
I almost weesh w'en keed ees com'
He gona be a girl.
Eh? No, he was no borna w'en
We fighta deesa way.
No baby eesa leevin' den,
Eut; see, ees com' today
Not only wan of heem, but three!
Eh? "Treeplets?" Yes, signore.
Ah, soocha lucky man like me
You nevva see bayfore!

—T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and
Times.

never did until this morning."

Englishman-Nine months.

as vell as de people here.

hand English .- Judge.

er who had dropped dead.

mayor of the city!

chance!"

country?

he was greater than an alderman.

He was a grocer's boy about four-teen years old, and he stood in the door for two or three minutes watch-Gardner Laments Fact That the World Has No Use For Him. ing the pedestrians hurrying up and

MISSES THE OLD THINGS.

New Names and New Ways Do Not Appeal to the Noted President-He Recalls Changes That Have Taken Place In His Time.

nobody, and yet he had caught a rat. Night after night he had baited for the [Copyright, 1907, by P. C. Bastment.] "My frens," said Brother Gardner, rodent and trapped him at last. Only president of the Limekiln club, at its The boy stepped out to the curb-stone, with the trap in his hand. He last meeting, "I's been doin' a heap o' thinkin' fur de last few days, and I's about come to de conclusion dat de world ain't got no furder use fur me, it and you have de money in your pockwas a nobody, and yet at that moment "A rat! A rat! A rat!" shouted half and odder old folks. We am outer dozen voices in chorus, and faster than you could count 'em a hundred date. We can't keep up wid de purpeople gathered. With them were a cession. We can't catch on.

dozen dogs; then 200 people, then 300 "It makes me lonely when I look around me and miss all de old fashioned things, and some nights I look up week and yet a greater man than the at de moon and de stars and wonder



"DE ODDER DAY I TOOK A WANDER." if dey have changed too. If dey haven't it's bekase a trust hasn't got hold of

"In de old fashioned days, when we putty good already. Ven you bane in scrape and build a feetle at a time. alive, I am from the country where Ebery dollar was honest money. Ebery dollar was honestly airned. If we got 'nuff together to build a \$500 buildin' we felt almost ashamed of de extravagance. If we could pay our preacher \$200 a year he was almost ashamed to take it.

"Up my way dey am jist now build-in' what may be called a palace of de Lawd. De lot cost \$20,000, de buildin' nm to cost \$40,000, de organ am to cost \$5,000, de steam heat and cushions and odder fixins will cost as much more, and dey am gwine to pay de minister de same salary annually. Dar will be a choir of paid singers. and dar will be dozens of carriages roll up to de door on Sundays.

When the Church is Built. "When dat palace am finally completed and opened, when de organ peals out, when de choir stands up to ing, when de minister stands up to preach, what's he gwine to preach bout to make men better? Jist de same things dat our preachers preached about in de long ago. "He will ask men to be honest.

"He will ask men to love delr feller

"He will ask men to forgive deir en

mies and praise de Lawd. "He will ask men and women to help in de betterment of de world and to so lib yere on airth dat when dey come

to die dey will go up higher. "Dat's all he kin do. Can't add an-odder word to it. And if he asked those things in a \$500 meetin' house would de consciences of men respond

jist as quick as in dat palace? "But he won't ask it. It would be old fashioned to do so. It wouldn't be to date. It might hurt de feelin's of some of de congregashun who have come dar to show off deir clothes and hear de choir sing. He'll take a text and he'll talk, and when he gits frew talkin' meeting will be ober and no-

oody de better nor wuss off.

"In de old fashloned day any man who libed widin five miles of you was a naybur and a human bein'. In dis modern age de man libin' on de odder side of de wall dies and is buried, and you don't know his name nor care to. "Fifty years ago dar was a feelin' of sympathy fur a man in misfortune, fur a widder in black, fur an orphan cryin' in its loneliness. Dat feelin' was away wid. We can't miss our street kyar to speak to a man who has been run ober and had his bones broke, and we figger dat widders and orphans will

be taken care of at de vorchouse.
"In dose old days"dar was some politics around, but men didn't look upon it as they do de politics of today. It didn't smirch men. It didn't make liars and thieves and rascals of 'em. Men didn't sell their votes, and officeholders didn't rob de people. It was decided dat de old way wasn't pro-gressive 'nuff fur de American people, and so de present one was invented. De result am dat dere am not ober fire men in high places today in all dis land dat de people thoroughly trust.

"In my time, when I considered my-self in de swim, if I airned \$2 I put away at least 50 cents agin sickness or old sige. Dat's what we preached to each odder—economy and saving. Dat looked like good policy, but I have itted to see how foolish it was compared to de up to date idea. De thing

am to airn \$2 and spend \$3 and to fig-ure dat you am gwine to lib a thousand years.

Man's Word Was Good.

"Dar was a time when a man's word was good fur somethin' in business. I you went to a merchant to buy he told you the truth about his goods. If you hadn't de money to pay he took you word and trusted you. How primitive How silly compared to today! Find me a man who'll take a tradesman's word. Find me a tradesman who'll take a customer's word. We look up on each odder as liars and deadbeats. and as a matter of fact we are. We have to be to keep ahead of de odder feller. When a man says he will de thus and so you wonder if he hain't hand you worry fur fear dat he won't meet it. When he sends word dat h et you feel a sort o' contempt fur him dat he was honest.

"In de old days when I bought a ho it was a hoe. De same wid shoes or s hat or groceries. De seller made his profit and his goods war honest. When you go to buy a thing nowadays under dis up to date system you am swindled first in what you ouy and next in de price of it. Dar am swindles in eberyting you eat, wear and use. We not only swindle our own people, but de world at large. We send de heathen Chinese Bibles and missionaries and tracts, and we also send him cottons filled wid clay to make 'em weigh

heavier. "Now and den, in de old days gon nebber to return, I used to ask a few nayburs to drap in of an evenin'. We had a pitcher o' cider, a pan of apples and some popcorn and all injoyed deirselves. I was invited ober to de louse of Brudder Giveadam Jones de to be a simple affair. Dar was six kinds of cake, wine, ice cream and cigars, and when de eatin' and drinkin was ober we had music on de phonograph. I hain't sayin' a word of critti elsm. Brudder Jones airus \$15 a week and hasn't a cent in de bank, but de up to date programme must be follercd or he would be out of de swim Even if he can't get a doctor's pre scription filled he must make a bluff.

What He Found In the Country. "I hope it might be different out in de kentry, whar it used to seem to me dat God libed most of de time, and de odder day I took a wander to git near built a church buildin'-dey called it a him. Waal, I found a farmer who meetin' house den-we had to rake and | charged me 5 cents for a glass of buttermilk dat was gwine to de pigs. I found a boy who called me an old nig-

ger. I found a farmer's wife who said I looked like a thief. I found a country grocer who asked me 2 cents too much fur a paper of smokin' tobacco. I found a constable who wouldn't let me lie down on the green grass, and I found a farmer's hired man who wanted me to change a bogus half dollar fur him and cuffed me bekase I wouldn't. God wasn't out dar. It was all man, man, man-de same sort o' men dat you meet in de city, de up to date man.

"I looked and looked and looked, but found nuthin' like it used to be. It was 'keep off de grass' bekase the grass was wuth money. You mustn't lean agin de trees, bekase de trees was sold. You mustn't wander in de woods bekase a trust owned them. You mustn't fish in de brooks, wander in de medders nor hunt fur blackberries. "I come home disappointed and dis-

couraged and wid tears in my eyes, but I'm not gwine to kick. Progress has dun all dis, and I have failed to keep up wid de purceshun. I'm a has been. I'm a back number. Let us break de meetin' in two and go home." M. QUAD.

She Meant Well.

A teacher in a certain eastern school asked her class to draw a picture of that which they wished to be when they grew up. The pupils went dillgently to work with paper and pencil, some drawing pictures of soldiers, po-licemen, fine ladies, etc. They all worked hard but one little girl, who sat quietly holding her pad and pencil in hand.

The teacher, observing her, asked: "Don't you know what you want to be when you grow up, Anna?" "Yes, I know," replied the little girl.

I know I want to be married, but I don't know how to draw it."



"Oh, I-I beg your pardon. Ihought these were artificial eggs." "Well, you'll wish you were an artificial monkey before I get through with you."-Browning's.

The Two Bards. "Why do you write?" I asked the hard
Whose rhymes were bad, whose lines we hard
To read, whose tragedy was slush,
His wit obscure, his pathos gush.
With a tense look he raised his head—
"Because I am inspired," he said.

"Why do you write?" I asked the bard Whose fragrant verse was never marr By one faise note, whose poems fine Breathed genius true in every line. With a calm smile he raised his hend— "They pay me for the stuff!" he said. —E. M. Robinson in Puol

A WARNING

He was just a common you.

Of the ordinary type,
Doomed to write his verse and sow it
Wheresoc'er the field was ripe.
But one day he wrote some twaddle
With a meter like a knell,
And the thing rang in his noddle
Till his wits began to toddle
And his brain was all a waddle,
And they put him in a cell. And they put him in a cell.

Now he sits alone and looney
In the madhouse by the way.
And whene'er the nights are moony
He writes poetry, they say,
But his muse is most erratic.
As of course 'twould have to be,
For he's floppy in the attic,
Also violently lu-nat-ic,
And a straitjacket emphatic
Is his future destiny.

Moral is, don't write a jingle With an overcatchy rhyme. You might make too many mingle In the madhouse at a time.

Just refrain from all the meters
That so galloping along.
And the jolly one that teters
Like a hushaby low song.
Strike a measure sorter mopey—
Such a one, we'll say, as mine.
Let her wander, limp and lopey,
Serpent-ine-ish-ly and ropey,
Till you've got your rhythm dopey—
Or else quietly resign.
—Lurana W. Sheldon in Judge.

The Usual Work It seemed to Bobby that there was no end to the advice and instructions his mother gave him when he was starting off with his father for a week's trip.

"Now I want to be sure you have everything you need," she said, opening his bag in spite of his assurance that it held all a boy could possibly require. "Why, Bobby, where is your hairbrush? You were forgetting it."

"No, mother, I wasn't forgetting it." house of Brudder Giveadam Jones de said Bobby, looking desperate. "
odder evenin'. He said it was gwine thought you said I was going on a va cation."-Youth's Companion.

> "For goodness' sake," exclaimed the boy's mother, "what are you complaining about? You wanted reg'lar sus pender pants an' now you've get 'em you ain't satisfied." "I know, mom," protested the boy

"but I'm kinder 'fraid they're too tight under the arms."-Catholic Standard

Under the Sea Telegraphy.



From Mrs. Diver to Mr. Diver: "Come home early. Baby's cut a tooth."--Sketch.

Fat Pie. Impecunious Count-Ah, but, duke, ze father of ze American girl is one immensely wealthy man.

Deadbroke Duke — Really, count

Then I suppose you intend to lean on him after the marriage? Impecunious Count-Lean on him! How ridiculous! I intend to fatten on him.

Haste. "What do you think of the fashion in women's hats?" inquired the store

"They are typical of the rapid pace we are hitting," answered the custom-er. "Heretofore a hat had to go out of style before it looked so very funny."-Washington Star.

Tough Subject.

Elderly Customer—Miss Cincy, when you make those googoo eyes at a young man you generally fetch blm,

don't you? Lunch Counter Giri (with a killing) ance has been so altered that none of glance)-Yes, and the old ones, too, Mr. his friends recognize him, and those Wellon.-Chicago Tribune.

Succeeded. New Contributor-I try to write with free, unhampered style.

Editor (looking over his manuscript) -Well, you succeed. I never saw anything quite so magnificently independ ent of the rules of grammar as this is. -Minneapolis Journal.

"Miss Passay," said Galley in a burst of confidence, "I admit I'm an odd man. I'd like to be different"—
"Oh, Mr. Galley, this is so sudden! she cried, for she, too, was odd and longed to be even.—Philadelphia Press.

Avoiding Unlucky Thirteen. He was on trial for bigamy. "What," queried the judge, "ever in duced you to marry fourteen wives?" "Superstition, your honor." replied the prisoner. "I consider thirteen an unlucky number."-Detroit Tribune.

Making It Even "There is so much water in this stock," complained the unwary invest-

"But," remonstrated the broker, "look at the amount of whine in the stock-holders."—Baltimore American.

FOOD FOR LONG TRIP

NAVY DEPARTMENT PREPARING FOR VOYAGE TO PACIFIC.

Bide for Supplies for from 12,000 to 15,000 Men Asked for-6,000,000 Pounds of Provisions Required to Feed Sallers.

New York.—Five million pounds of provisions will be required to feed the enlisted men of the Atlantic fleet on the voyage to San Francisco, which is to commence about three months hence. Bids for this amount have been asked for, all of the supplies to be delivered at the New York navy yard, the deliveries to begin Novem-

It is announced that each of the ships, including those in the torpedo boat flotilla and the colliers and supply ships when they leave for the Pa-cific will have on board all of the provisions necessary for the entire voyage. But the officers have not been taken into consideration in these figures. They will have to make their own arrangements for board beore they sail.

Nearly everything that a person can think of to eat or drink, except intoxicants, is included in the lists of supplies. In making out the lists the navy department officials took into consideration the facts that the ships will be at sea on Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's and Washington's Birthday, and special dinners for those occasions have already been arranged, as is shown by the large number of turkeys, plum puddings, pumpkin pies, nuts, dried fruits and ther delicacies that are named in the lists of foods required.

There will be between 12,000 and 15,000 enlisted mea on the battle-ships, torpedo boats and auxiliary vessels, that are going to the Pacific, and the job of figuring out how much food and of what kind, was needed for them, was one of the toughest mathematical problems over turned over to the bureau of supplies and accounts to solve. The navy department realizes, now long and at times how monoto ous the voyage is going to be, and it was determined that so far as the food was concerned the men would not have any excuse to grumble.

Some of the items in the lists sent out to the bidders, besides those men-tioned, are 1,000,000 pounds of fresh beef, 1,000,000 pounds of vegetables, to include turnips, cabbage, carrots, onlons, asparagus, comatoes and other vegetables: 1,000,000 pounds of flour. vegetables: 1,000,000 pounds of flour.
500,000 pounds of canned and other
fruits, including apples, peaches,
pears and other fruits: 400,000 pounds
of peas, 200,000 pounds of ham, 100,000
pounds of condensed milk, 100,000
pounds of coffee, 15,000 pounds of tas,
40,000 dozen fresh eggs, 5,000 pounds
of mustard, 5,000 pounds of pepper
and 5,000 pounds of salt.
The handling of the provisions at

The handling of the provisions at the navy yard here will probably necessitate the employment of a large number of extra laborers during the two weeks in which the contractors will be allowed to make their deliver-

Bids will be asked for a great quan tity of smoking and chewing tobacco before the fleet starts on its long voyage.

SUES FOR HIS MUSTACHE.

Hochbein Had Worn It 30 Years When Skylarkers Cut It Off.

Pittsburg.-Because they cut his mustache, which had adorned his face for 30 years, August Hochbein, a wealthy baker of Tarentum, has begun suit against Albert Einstorm, Charles Rosseau and Otto Lippert, his friends, charging them with malicious

Hochbein states that the three men were at his house, when the question of his mustache came up. It was a beauty, he said, long and silky, and he had taught it to point skyward, a la Kaiser Wilhelm.

During the discussion some

asked him why he did not cut it off. He said he would wear it as long as he lived. Finally, in a spirit of fun, the three men bound Hochbein, and, with a pair of scissors, cut the mustache off close to his lip. He says that since then his appear-

who do make fun of him. Could Not Escape a Prize. Burlington, Vt.—William Smith, a farmer living near Ludlow, drove to Londonderry one day recently to at-

tend the grange fair. Arriving on the fair grounds, Smith could find no suitable place to hitch his horse, so he unharnessed the animal and put him in a vacant stall in one of the sheds.

When he got ready to return home Mr. Smith found that the judges thinking his horse was on exhibition. had awarded a premium and had fus-tened a red ribbon in the animal's halter.

Must Pay for a Corpse. Fort Worth, Tex .- Another kink has been found in the anti-pass legislation.

With death a man ceases to be railroad employe, and fare must be paid for the transportation of his

Aplication was made to the Trinity & Brazos Valley line for transportaof the Cotton Belt.

Investigation shows that under the interstate act the pass privilege is limited strictly to employes.